

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 97—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1806.

NO. 923.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued.)

"Thus then decides the business," cried Dunbar; "go I must—I cannot sacrifice to the indulgence of a mad passion, my duty to the best of fathers! Come, Apreece, are you ready?" cried he, entering his room, "for I must go this instant."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied Apreece, "for I can't go for a day or two."

"No!" answered Dunbar, starting and turning pale; for he did not like to leave Apreece behind him, lest he should, not being quite convinced that what he had described was a feverish dream, make such inquiries in the city as might lead to a discovery of the incognita's crime. However, he could not prevail on Apreece to accompany him, and he dared not stay for Apreece; therefore, with a heavy heart he gazed once more on the nunnery field, and bidding Apreece farewell, set off for the coast.

His suspicions of Apreece were not ill-founded. He intended to stay a day at Rouen for the purpose of inquiring whether any gentleman had lately disappeared in a mysterious manner; for now he was quite well again, he was not at all disposed to think that he had not seen the horrid scene which he had related. But the result of his inquiries did not throw any light on this mysterious affair. "However, murder will out," said Apreece to himself, "and sometime or other the truth of this story will be known; and some day or other, too, I will visit Rouen, if it be only from curiosity to learn something concerning this strange business."

He then returned to Wales, and Dunbar by that time was far on his road towards his paternal seat. He arrived time enough to see his father alive; but no cares, no assiduity, (and Dunbar was exemplary in both,) could prolong his life. He died in a short time after his son's arrival; and Dunbar (now Sir Malcom Dunbar) saw himself the independent master of a fine fortune and a very romantic and beautiful, but lonely, estate in the Highlands. But as he tenderly loved his father, he could not bear to remain on a spot where every thing reminded him of the loss he had sustained: he therefore set off for England, and went to Brighthelmstone, resolved to sail from thence to Dieppe, and proceed to Rouen, in order to make those inquiries which filial duty had forbidden when he was released from prison there; for the image of the incognita haunted him continually, and the latter was gradually swallowing up even the recollection of his father; when Mrs. Malden, a friend of his in the neighbourhood, who saw and pitied his evident dejection, informed him that she should soon be able to introduce him to a young lady, whose society would she trusted, rouse him from the melancholy under which he evidently was labouring.

"Were my melancholy capable of being removed by the society of young ladies," replied Dunbar, "it would have been gone by this time; for what a number of young ladies have I associated with since I have been waiting here for a favourable wind!"

"Yes—every day young ladies; but the one I mean is, in point of beauty, sensibility, accomplishments, and virtue, the wonder of her sex."

"Indeed!—But perhaps her stile of beauty may not please me."

"You must be very difficult indeed, then;—but pray describe the beauty you most admire."

Dunbar obeyed; and he minutely described the beauty of his incognita.

"I protest," cried Mrs. Malden, "I imagine you are describing my friend Miss Arundel herself!"

"Indeed! then I shall certainly look at her," answered Dunbar, sighing deeply, "even if I do not like her."

"And to look at her and not like her is impossible." Here the conversation ended; but it left an impression on Dunbar's mind. He felt the necessity there was for his endeavouring to forget a woman of whom he knew nothing, and who he had the strongest reason to believe had committed an atrocious crime; and he was anxious to see this admirable Miss Arundel, in hopes that her charms might drive the image of the incognita from his breast.

In a day or two after he had, had the above conversation with Mrs. Malden, she told him that madame Altieri and her daughter were arrived at the house which they had hired near Brighton; and Dunbar learnt that Miss Arundel, who was then about five-and-twenty, was the daughter of madame Altieri, by her first husband, Mr. Arundel; a man whom, though he was possessed of every charm to excite love, and every virtue to command esteem, she had married against her own consent, and therefore had never loved. That immediately on his death, she had married a signor Altieri, an Italian gentleman, whom she had met with in France; and that by him she had one son, Enrico Altieri, on whom she fondly doted, while her daughter by Mr. Arundel she regarded with the same cold esteem which she entertained for her excellent father: and though Enrico's youth had been marked by almost every vice, and her daughter's by every virtue, it was notorious that madame Altieri saw nothing to love in Editha, and every thing to love in Enrico. Such are sometimes the caprices of parents! But madame Altieri saw in her son the image of the husband whom she adored, and whose loss she tenderly bemoaned; and in Editha she saw the exact resemblance of the husband whom she never loved, and whose death she almost rejoiced at. But Altieri, amidst all his excesses, had some good qualities; and amongst these was the ardent affection which he bore his sister—an affection which Editha as ardently returned. However, he did not chuse to reside with his mother and sister, for he had formed nearer and closer ties; and at the time of madame Altieri's taking up her residence near Brighton, he had for some time been residing at Florence.

At length Mrs. Malden fixed a day to receive madame Altieri and Miss Arundel, and to introduce to them sir Malcom Dunbar: but before the day arrived he had heard so many instances related of Miss Arundel's charity, candour, and humanity, that he was very impatient for

the arrival of the expected dinner-hour; and he hastened to Mrs. Malden's with a mind more awakened to receive pleasure than he had had since he left Rouen.

Half an hour before the time appointed, he arrived at Mrs. Malden's. The ladies were walking in the garden; and as he approached them he saw, with a beating heart, that the lady whom he concluded to be Miss Arundel had the height, figure, and air of his incognita; but when she turned round on hearing Mrs. Malden exclaim, "Oh, here is sir Malcom Dunbar!" what must have been his sensations to behold in this far prais'd Miss Arundel, his incognita herself! Surprise and emotion completely overpowered him; and had he not caught hold of a tree near him, he must have fallen to the ground.

"What a matter! you are ill sir Malcom," cried Mrs. Malden, hastening to him; while Miss Arundel, giving him a bottle of salts, with a word of extreme whiteness, begged him to make use of it, in a voice whose tones went to his soul. He took the salts, and gazed at the fair hand that held them; but he hastily averted his eyes again, for "oh!" thought he, "have I not seen that lovely hand stained with blood!"

In a few moments recollecting that he could not disclose to any one the cause of his indisposition, he struggled with his feelings, and overcame them; and apologizing to the ladies for the alarm and trouble which he had occasioned them, he offered his arm to Mrs. Malden, and accompanied them into the house, not having yet dared to lift his eyes to Miss Arundel. Nor when they were seated at dinner could he venture to look at her otherwise than by stealth; and Mrs. Malden soon observed that her fair friend had made an impression on sir Malcom, but that the expression of his eyes when he looked at her was that of tenderness not unmixed with sadness.

Madame Altieri in the course of conversation said, "I hear sir, that you are just returned from France?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dunbar, blushing as he spoke.

"You were a prisoner there? in what part of France were you confined, sir?"

"At—at Rouen;" and he trembled and changed colour as he said it.

"At Rouen!" exclaimed both the ladies: "we are only just arrived from thence: I wonder we never met you in society there," observed madame Altieri.

"I was not allowed to go out, but was confined in prison."

"In prison! in what part of the town, sir?" asked Editha.

"I—really—I can't tell, ma'am," answered Dunbar, afraid to wound her feelings by talking of the nunnery; and here the conversation dropped.

Soon after Mrs. Malden mentioned a dreadful murder which had lately been committed by a young lady on a gentleman who had paid his addresses to her, and then married another woman; and Dunbar, forgetting himself, instantly stamped on Mrs. Malden's foot to give her a hint not to tell such a story. Mrs. Malden looked at him with the utmost surprise in her

COURT OF APOLLO.

ON THE EYES.

Tell me not of size or hue,
Jetty black, or azure blue,
Hazel, sober grey, or brown;
If they're clouded by a frown,
Or signs of reason and of thought,
They'll never please.

But though sparkling with delight,
Or with sorrow dark as night;
Tho' their lustre dimm'd by woe,
Or by bashfulness cast low;
If oft gemm'd by Pity's tear,
Let their owner never fear,
They'll surely please.
A. F. B.

FORFEITS.

While with swains and nymphs at play,
The fair, who guest amiss,
By joint consent, was doom'd to pay
The forfeit of a kiss.

Hannah was out; my conscious mind
Could scarce its bliss believe,
To hear my happy self design'd
Her forfeit to receive!

Safely to her's my lips were laid,
Then breath'd a sigh to part;
No forfeit there I gain'd, but paid
The forfeit of my heart.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE'S COMPLAINT;

The listless ear, that languid eye,
The peevish question, petulant reply,
To my torn heart too plainly prove,
That Henry has forgot to love.
The fatal trust confus'd appears;
'Tis this which bathes my cheek with tears;
Which steals the lustre from mine eye,
And bids health's roseate bloom to fly;
In ceaseless anguish waste the night,
And sicken at returning light.
Ah! youth belov'd and shall I now
Retain thy cold reluctant vow!
That vow, which hast, with fond delight,
To Emma thou wert wont to plight.

EPIGRAM.

The damsel too prudishly shy
Or too forward, what swain would possess;
For the one will too often deny,
And the other too soon will say yes.

COUNT RUMFORD'S

Was an excellent scheme for exciting sympathetic industry amongst the children of the poor at Munich. In the large hall, where the elder children were busy in spinning, there was a range of seats for the younger children, who were not yet permitted to work; these being compelled to sit idle, and to see the busy multitude, grew extremely uneasy in their own situation, and became very anxious to be employed.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

An elegant assortment of Tortoise and Mock Tortoise Combs, for sale at John Barnham's Hardware Store, No. 103, Maiden-lane,
Sept. 6.

915-3m.

LIKENESS'S

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,
AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

Mr. PARISEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness's by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916-1f.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

JEWELLERS
NO. 137, WIL

Impressed with a due regard on them, beg to return thanks to the generous public, and to inform them that they have just received a general assortment of watches in their line. In addition they have just received a new assortment of dresses ornamented with the latest fashions, (they invite the ladies to see the applications) as also a fresh supply of Venus Tooth-Powder, which they have on hand a large quantity of gold and silver Watches to dispose of, wholesale or retail.

N. B. Spanish Segars boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country will be promptly attended to.

A few proof impressions of the U. States, including a new survey, correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

DURABLE

FOR WRITING ON

Which nothing will destroy.

The Utility of this Paper is wanting, need I say? Names, Cyphers, Crests, and all the utmost expedition, and with the pence of any Implements every Test of Washings, &c. which oily and other substances will not destroy the Bleaching.

As well as indelible Criterion of a person's property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909-1f.

MARTIN RABBESON,



At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 54, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas or to nett fringes.

June 14

904-3m.

The best assortment of Hymns, to be had at this office.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping. 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles. Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square. Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red.

LIGHT PRIN

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 5, 1806. 833-1y.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

August 30,

915-1f.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 97—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1806.

NO. 923.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued.)

"This then decides the business," cried Dunbar; "go I must—I cannot sacrifice to the indulgence of a mad passion, my duty to the best of fathers! Come, Apreece, are you ready?" cried he, entering his room, "for I must go this instant."

"I am sorry to hear that," replied Apreece.

"Yes—every day young ladies; but the one I mean is, in point of beauty, sensibility, accomplishments, and virtue, the wonder of her sex."

"Indeed!—But perhaps her stile of beauty may not please me."

"You must be very difficult indeed, then;—but pray describe the beauty you most admire."

Dunbar obeyed; and he minutely described the beauty of his incognita.

"I protest," cried Mrs. Malden, "I imagined Miss Arun-

tainly look at her," deeply, "even if I

I not like her is imagination ended; but her mind. He felt this endeavouring to know nothing; and reason to believe had seen; and he was anxious Arundel, in hopes the image of life in

had, had the above seen, she told him daughter were away had hired near that Miss Arundel, d-twenty, was the i, by her first husband, whom, though he to excuse him, and seem, she had married, and therefore had itely on his death, Altieri, an Italian et with in France; son, Enrico Altieri, while her daughter with the same retained for her ex- Enrico's youth had very vice, and her

ly loved his father, he could not bear to remain on a spot where every thing reminded him of the loss he had sustained: he therefore set off for England, and went to Brighthelmstone, resolved to sail from thence to Dieppe, and proceed to Rouin, in order to make those inquiries which filial duty had forbidden when he was released from prison there; for the image of the incognita haunted him continually, and the latter was gradually swallowing up even the recollection of his father; when Mrs. Malden, a friend of his in the neighbourhood, who saw and pitied his evident dejection, informed him that she should soon be able to introduce him to a young lady, whose society would she trusted, rouse him from the melancholy under which he evidently was labouring.

"Were any melancholy capable of being removed by the society of young ladies," replied Dunbar, "it would have been gone by this time; for what a number of young ladies have I associated with since I have been waiting here for a favourable wind!"

daughter's by every virtue, it was notorious that madame Altieri saw nothing to love in Editha, and every thing to love in Enrico. Such are sometimes the caprices of parents! But madame Altieri saw in her son the image of the husband whom she adored, and whose loss she tenderly bemoaned; and in Editha she saw the exact resemblance of the husband whom she never loved, and whose death she almost rejoiced at. But Altieri, amidst all his excesses, had some good qualities; and amongst these was the ardent affection which he bore his sister—an affection which Editha as ardently returned. However, he did not chuse to reside with his mother and sister, for he had formed nearer and closer ties; and at the time of madame Altieri's taking up her residence near Brighton, he had for some time been residing at Florence.

At length Mrs. Malden fixed a day to receive madame Altieri and Miss Arundel, and to introduce to them sir Malcom Dunbar: but before the day arrived he had heard so many instances related of Miss Arundel's charity, candour, and humanity, that he was very impatient for

the arrival of the expected dinner-hour; and he hastened to Mrs. Malden's with a mind more awakened to receive pleasure than he had had since he left Rouen.

Half an hour before the time appointed, he arrived at Mrs. Malden's. The ladies were walking in the garden; and as he approached them he saw, with a beating heart, that the lady whom he concluded to be miss Arundel had the height, figure, and air of his incognita; but when she turned round on hearing Mrs. Malden exclaim, "Oh, here is sir Malcom Dunbar!" what must have been his sensations to behold in this far prais'd Miss Arundel, his incognita herself! Surprise and emotion completely overpowered him; and had he not caught hold of a tree near him, he must have fallen to the ground.

"What is the matter? you are ill sir Malcom," cried Mrs. Malden, hastening to him; while Miss Arundel, giving him a bottle of salts, with a word of extreme whiteness, begged him to make use of it, in a voice whose tones went to his soul. He took the salts, and gazed at the fair hand that held them; but he hastily averted his eyes again, for "oh!" thought he, "have I not seen that lovely hand stained with blood!"

In a few moments recollecting that he could not disclose to any one the cause of his indisposition, he struggled with his feelings, and overcame them; and apologizing to the ladies for the alarm and trouble which he had occasioned them, he offered his arm to Mrs. Malden, and accompanied them into the house, not having yet dared to lift his eyes to Miss Arundel. Nor when they were seated at dinner could he venture to look at her otherwise than by stealth; and Mrs. Malden soon observed that her fair friend had made an impression on sir Malcom, but that the expression of his eyes when he looked at her was that of tenderness not unmingled with sadness.

Madame Altieri in the course of conversation said, "I hear sir, that you are just returned from France?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Dunbar, blushing as he spoke,

"You were a prisoner there? in what part of France were you confined, sir?"

"At—at Rouen;" and he trembled and changed colour as he said it.

"At Rouen!" exclaimed both the ladies: "we are only just arrived from thence: I wonder we never met you in society there," observed madame Altieri.

"I was not allowed to go out, but was confined in prison."

"In prison! in what part of the town, sir?" asked Editha.

"I—really—I can't tell, ma'am," answered Dunbar, afraid to wound her feelings by talking of the nunnery; and here the conversation dropped.

Soon after Mrs. Malden mentioned a dreadful murder which had lately been committed by a young lady on a gentleman who had paid his addresses to her, and then married another woman; and Dunbar, forgetting himself, instantly stamped on Mrs. Malden's foot to give her a hint not to tell such a story. Mrs. Malden looked at him with the utmost surprise in her

countenance ; and Dunbar recollecting the absurdity of the action, as he could not inform her why he had done so, apologized for his awkwardness, and Mrs. Malden went on with her story.

Dunbar could not help stealing a look at Miss Arundel. She listened without any apparent emotion ; and though one story of a murder led to others, her cheek retained its bloom, and she joined in the conversation. But madame Altieri observed that a German Baron, whom she and her daughter knew very well, disappeared while she was at Rouen, in a very mysterious manner, and that it was supposed he had been murdered by his servant, who had immediately absconded. During this speech Dunbar again looked at Editha : but her serenity and bloom were vanished—her cheek and lip were colourless—her eyes cast on the ground, and her countenance the image of woe.

(To be Continued.)

CHARACTER OF MERCHANTS.

From the French of M. Laharpe.

THERE is not, in the whole circle of society, a class of men more eminently useful than that of the Merchants. Their active industry, supplies subsistence and provisions for a whole country, and their efforts animate the industry of the manufacturer and the artist. In general, we may observe that they become rich with the increasing wealth and comfort of the community ; their credit rests upon a reputation of probity and fair dealing, and their profits are in proportion to the risks which they may encounter. They cannot augment their fortunes without exposing them, and augmenting at the same time the fortunes of the public ; and their profession and their talents are in estimation wherever any portion of good sense is to be found. They have been uniformly encouraged in every country where there ever has existed any shadow of a reasonable and legitimate government ; and they are naturally the friends and supporters of liberty and law, because without liberty and law, no commerce can be expected to flourish, or even to exist. Within the period of the last century, they had been gradually rising into importance and general estimation ; they had even secured the suffrages of the learned, and of the enlightened patrons of freedom and public happiness, and philosophy had numbered them among the most steady benefactors of the human race.

A LIAR NOT TO BE BELIEV'D.

A mortal fever once prevailed on board a ship at sea ; and a negro fellow was appointed to throw overboard the bodies of those who died from time to time. One day, when the Capt. was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the fore-castle a sick man who was struggling violently to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating most bitterly against the cruelty of burying him alive. "What are you going to do with that man, you black d—?" said the Capt. "Going to throw him overboard, Massa, cause he dead," replied the negro. "Dead, you scoundrel?" says the Capt. "don't you see that he moves and speaks?" "Why yes, Massa," (replied the negro) "I know he say he no dead ; but him always lie so like a—l, nobody nabler know when to believe him."

THE REPLY.

You asked me, Bella, "What is love ;
Why 'tis a power from Heav'n above :
'Tis something that excites within,
By pedants construed into sin,
An unextinguishable fire,
Refining ev'ry rude desire,
Which beauty will the most inspire,
Most paradoxical in kind,
It pleases while it racks the mind :
In lighting thro' our eyes it breaks,
Glowing in deep blushes o'er our cheeks,
And in our looks and actions speaks—
A passion which we oft conceal,
A passion we would fain reveal,
Which none but lovers ever feel.
Love, youthful poets have confest
The ruling passion of the breast,
By all enjoy'd, by none express'd,
Its empire holds o'er ev'ry part,
And sits enthron'd within the heart,
Daring dangers, fearing no man
Invincible to all but—woman.
We feel it throb at ev'ry kiss,
And own it is the source of bliss.
Now I've told you all I can,
Except that he's the happiest man,
Who'll have it in his power to prove
The strength of Isabella's love.

O:

THE SALORS' WIFE.

Alas ! what woes are mine to bear !
Sinking deep into my heart ;
For ever doom'd to rankle there,
Separation's cruel smart.

How little feels the joyous fair,
Reposing 'midst the sweets of life.
The trembling hope, the anxious care
Decreed a sailor's hapless wife !

To her the sea each beauty shows
Grateful to the raptur'd sight ;
Every breeze refreshing blows,
Yielding pleasure and delight.

Alas ! the sight I cannot brave,
No cheering hope my mind can form ;
I dread a surge in every wave,
In every floating breath, a storm.

Return my wanderer, quick return,
And leave no more your peaceful home,
Your weeping wife, your babes forlorn ;
Ah ! live for them, and cease to roam.

MARY'S TEAR.

Why weeps you lovely fair one—say ?
Explain the tear that flows ;
Perhaps she mourns her love away,
Or weeps for others woes.

The tear of pity graceful streams,
Nor less the tear of love ;
The tear of sorrow sacred seems,
That falls for friends above.

Alas ! the tear that Mary sheds,
From sad remorse doth rise ;
Remorse, which all reflection dreads,
A worm that never dies.

Seduc'd, deserted, and forlorn,
What grief can her's exceed !—
For woes like these the heart must mourn,
The soften'd soul must bleed !

SCRAP.

HAPPY is he who not being the slave of another,
has not the foolish ambition of making another his slave.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF ABSTINENCE AND PRIVATION.

A poor man who resides at Bethnal Green, where he is known by the name of old Tom, follows at night the occupation of a watchman. In the morning, when he comes off duty, he takes only one hour's rest, and then acts as a bricklayer's labourer till the hour of his evening vocation ; so that throughout the year, he is supposed to be awake 23 hours daily. He is upwards of 60 years of age, lives on scarcely any thing but bread and cheese, which he eats as he walks along ; his general drink is water, and he feels no inconvenience from the severity of his mode of life. He is remarkably active, goes to church twice every Sunday, and while there, prefers standing to sitting down. It is ascribed to his extreme industry and parsimony, he has saved considerable sums of money, which he lends to hard working people at a moderate interest.

ON IDEAL HAPPINESS.

THERE is hardly a man, whatever may be his circumstances and situation in life, but if you get his confidence, will tell you, that he is not happy. It is, however, certain, all men are not unhappy in the same degree ; though, by these accounts, we might almost be tempted to think so. Is not this to be accounted for, by supposing, that all men measure the happiness they possess, by the happiness they desire, or think they deserve ?

ON INDOLENCE.

If industry is no more than a habit, it is, at least, an excellent one. "If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism ? No ; I shall say, *indolence*. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest." Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

ON MODESTY, &c.

MODESTY, non-pretension, and delicacy of behaviour, when joined to the accidental dignity of riches, and an elevated station, will certainly succeed, and be admired ; but when joined only to intrinsic dignity, without these accidental advantages, they will serve, perhaps, only to hide that dignity in an obscure station. The very qualities, then, which make you admired at the top of the world, might have served also, however you deserve to be there, to have kept you from arriving at that situation.

THE FERTILITY OF GENIUS.

When Apelles drew the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, he judiciously took his face in profile, that he might hide the blemish. Not less was the caution of Vandyke. The Countess Dowager of Exeter had no eye-brows. To conform to a vicious taste, that would have been miserable to have seen the *status rei*, he put a gauze veil over the forehead of her picture, and the hem of it concealed what is called the defect of nature.

THE EXCUSE.

In vain you urge me to declare
The beauties of my matchless fair;
In vain are all attempts to move
My tongue to tell how much I love:

When 'tis to erring mortals given,
To number all the joys of Heaven;—
When 'tis an easy thing to draw
The outline of eternal law.

Then shall my thoughts, in proper dress,
The beauties of my air express;
Then will I undertake to prove
The limits of my boundless love.

THE WINDS OF WINTER HOWL'D.

The winds of winter howl'd around
Fair Ellen's unprotected form;
Nor friends, nor home, nor hope, she found,
But wander'd on amidst the storm.

The trackless waste, with snow o'erspread,
She strove to pass, but strove in vain;
The friendly path, that homeward led,
No more alas! she could regain.

The fleecy deluge drifted deep,
The tempest roar'd with keener blast,
The plain appear'd one whiten'd heap;
Fair Ellen wept as on she past.

Benumb'd with cold! o'ercome with toil!
Her sinking form the snows divide!
A pray'r she breath'd with faintest smile!
Life's current froze! and Ellen died!

ANECDOTES OF SAADI, THE PERSIAN.

THIS excellent poet and philosopher was born at Schiraz, the capital of Persia Proper, about the beginning of the twelfth century. Being driven from his country by the ravages of the Turks, he wandered through various scenes during a period of forty years, and was at length taken prisoner by the Franks in the Holy Land, and condemned to work on the fortifications of Tripoli. A merchant of Aleppo redeemed him from slavery, and gave him, with a hundred sequins, his daughter in marriage; but her pertinacity and ill-humour rendered him more miserable than he had ever been during his long and painful captivity. One day she tauntingly asked him whether he was not the slave her father had redeemed for ten sequins. "Yes," replied he; "but he sold me again for one hundred."—Having a friend, who, being suddenly elevated to an important post, was resorted to, and complimented, by all the citizens, except Saadi: "These people," said he, "crowd about him merely on account of his dignity; but I shall go when his office has expired, and then I am sure I shall go alone."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 25, 1806.

Deaths in the city during the last week, of the following diseases—viz.

Of apoplexy 1, cancer 1, child-bed 1, consumption 4, convulsions 2, debility 3, decay 4, dropsy 1, dysentery 1, epilepsy 1, bilious fever 1, malignant fever 1, remittent fever 2, typhus fever 5, flux infantile 3, lues 1, inflammation of the lungs 2 inflammation of the liver 1, locked jaw 3, pleurisy 1, still-born 1, ulcer 1, whooping cough 1, worms 1.—Men 16, women 9, boys 11, girls 7. Total 43.

* A sea-faring man from no. 57 James-street.

Henderson County, (Ken.) Aug. 26.

Some time in April or May last, a Man, who called himself Joseph B. Hall, by trade a shoemaker, about forty-five years of age, well made and a little bald, came down the Ohio to this place. He appeared to be a peaceable, well-dis-

posed man, and said he was from the Eastern States. He was very much reserved in his conversation, but he has been heard to say that he had children living in the country, and it is thought, in the state of New-York. From his reserved manners, and the circumstances attending his death, it is generally believed here that some domestic troubles which bore hard upon his mind were the cause of his leaving that country and of his death. About the middle of this month he was taken ill of the fever which prevails in this country at this season of the year, but not so as to be thought dangerous or to be confined to his bed. On the evening of the 17th inst. while the heads of the family of the house where he boarded were from home, on a visit to some of their friends, he left the house, on pretence of going to the shop where he had been used to work and which stood near the bank of the river. He was missed and sought for next morning, but could not be found. On the 22d, his body was found lying in the edge of the river about two miles below this town; and a number of citizens, among whom the coroner was one, attended to examine and bury him. No mark of violence being discovered upon him, it was supposed he had voluntarily thrown himself into the river. It is not known that he has left any property in this country worth attending to.

DANIEL ALLEN.

Princeton, October 4, 1806.

We are informed from a source entitled to every degree of credit, of the following singular *Duel*, which lately took place at Bayau Sarah. Two *Negro Wenchers*, (the property of a Mr. Bailey Chaney,) quarrelled during the absence of the family—a challenge was immediately given and accepted; they found means to procure their master's pistols—and repaired to an appointed spot, where they measured off the ground, and proceeded *secundum artem* to obtain satisfaction from each other for the affront given. At the first fire, one of the sable heroines received a ball in the shoulder, and after ineffectually endeavouring to discharge her pistol, threw it contemptuously away and the affair ended.

Mississippi Herald.

Durham, Sept. 17.—On Monday last, at a company waiting at the house of Mr. Keefer in this town, a young man about eighteen years of age by the name of John Barns, lately from New-Hartford settlement in the country of Oneida, had his brains literally blown out by the accidental discharge of a gun. The contents entered his skull at one of his temples, passed through just below the other ear, he expired in a few moments; the circumstances which led to this fatal catastrophe as we were informed, were as follow:

The owner of the piece having a few days before brought it to a workman to be put in repair, which was done, and the workman loaded it for fowling, but did not discharge it, expecting however that it would be called for on the above occasion, attempted to draw the charge, but could not effect it, he then threw the priming out of the pan, cleaned it out and set it by: the owner came for the piece in the absence of the workman, took it, examined the pan, and finding no priming there, concluded, as she had lately been repaired, that she was not charged. At the place of training another person examined it, the owner observed that he might snap it, as it was not loaded, which he carelessly did and the above melancholy accident was the result.

Hutchins' Improved

ALMANACKS, for 1807,

By the Groce, Dozen, or Single, for sale at this Office

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. John H. Hart, Mr. Leonard Thorn, Merchant, to Miss Abigail Somerindyke, both of this city.

At Staten-Island, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Peter Sutton, Merchant, of this city, to Miss Ann Day.

At Albany, by the Rev. Mr. Bradford, John Q. Wilson, Esq. of New-York, attorney at law, to Miss Maria Lush, daughter of Richard Lush Esq. of that city.

DIED.

After a few days illness, Mr. Thomas Richardson, an old and respectable Teacher in this city.

On Wednesday, after a short illness, Mrs. Gertrude Kemble, wife of Peter Kemble, Esq. Merchant of this city.

On Thursday last, at Jamaica, Long-Island, Mrs. Sarah Sears, wife of Isaac Sears, Esq. Suddenly, in Brooklyn, Captain Conklin.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

SELECT ACADEMY.

GEORGE THRESHER—FROM LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL

WRITING ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, MARINE PAINTING, &c. &c.

No. 13, BROAD-STREET—New-York.

Hours from 10 to 12, and 2 to 4, in the afternoon; private lessons on Writing Accounts, from 4 to 6, and 7 to 9, in the evening—3 times a week.

Ladies and Gentlemen attended at their respective homes.

Compliment Cards, and Frontispiece's, elegantly designed.

SHIP-WRECK OF THE ROSE-IN-BLOOM.

G. T. begs leave to return his sincere thanks to the gentlemen passengers of the ship *Rose-in-Bloom*, who favored him with the particular situation of the most awful moments of distress; he likewise thanks them for their orders they have favored him with, and their Drawings shall be executed with neatness, and dispatch. The Plates will be engraved by an eminent engraver—say plate 3 feet by 2.

Subscriptions will be received at Messrs. I. RILEY'S, & Co. or at his rooms as above:

Five hundred copies are already subscribed to.

October 18. G. THRESHER. 922 st.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. Barham, No. 103 Maiden-Lane, has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool, an elegant assortment of Japan'd & Brass Fenders, and by former arrivals a handsome assortment of ecalcolic & black ground Tea Trays, Tea Urns, Plate warmers, Plated Goods, Ivory and other Knives & Forks, Satin wood, Tea Caddies, block tin Dish covers and all other articles suitable for house keeping, in the Hardware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or credit.

A fashionable assortment of Andirons, Shovels and Tongs, Jam Hooks, Hearth Brushes & brasses &d Bellows always on hand.

MANTUAMAKING.

Curtain work, Venetian Blind Ladders, Mantuamaking, Ladies' Silk Coats, Pelisses, Spencers, Riding Habits, British Jackets, Spanish Jackets, &c. made in the neatest and most fashionable manner, by S. DEGRUSHE—No. 42, Partition-Street.

N. B. Two or three young Ladies wanted at the above place. Oct. 25—2w.

GEORGE SPITZENBERGER,

FURRIER.

Informs the Ladies, and public in general, that he has opened a FURRIER STORE, in John-Street, No. 54, and recommends his Goods equal to any in this city as they are made by himself.

October 11, 1806. 921—4*

Letters to a Young Lady, on a Course of English Poetry. By J. Aikin, M. D. London, printed. New-York, re-printed, for J. OSBORN—No. 13, Park. October 25. 922—10

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE LOVER—A SONG.

Some few years ago,
My poor brother Joe,
Got in love with a damsel as fat as a plover,
And ever since then
Full certain I've been
That nature never could,
In most frolicsome mood,
Make a comelier thing than a lover.

CHORUS.

What a whimsical dog is a lover—
Flames and darts,
Broken hearts,
Sudden starts;
Fearful eyes,
Sobs and sighs,
Grunts—groans,
Skin and bones;
O! what a queer dog is a lover.

To think of his vapours
And comical capers,
By my soul I have laugh'd full a hundred times over;
The devil a bit
Could we get him to eat,
He'd whimper and whine,
He'd mope and he'd pine,
And he'd look full as sad
As a dog running mad;
O! what a sad fellow's a lover.

CHORUS.

What an ill looking dog is a lover;
His eyes dull and red,
And sunk in his head,
His face thin and pale,
His pace like a snail;
O blood, fire and thunder,
What is there, I wonder,
In the world that looks worse than a lover.

O never was poor wight
In such terrible plight,
Doctor quab swore by Galen he'd never recover;
He'd rip and he'd tear,
And he'd foam like a bear,
And he'd swear that in nature
There was not a creature
So charming as Tabitha Rover.

CHORUS.

O what a blind dog is a lover;
Girl plump and fat,
Or poor as rat—
Hale looking,
Pale looking,
Clear ey'd,
Blair ey'd,
"Long spliced,"
Strong spliced,
This—that,
No matter, what;
Ah! such a blind dog is a lover.

Full well I remember
One night in December,
I wish'd that the devil had Tabitha Rover,
For while I was sleeping,
And Joe vigils keeping
He kick'd off the cloathes
And the frost bit my toes;
Never again will I sleep with a lover.

CHORUS.

O zounds, who would sleep with a lover,
With his muttering and mumbling,
His tossing and tumbling,
His bouncing and burning,
His flouncing, and turning
By the squirt of old Chiron!
What perils environ
Th' poor devil that sleeps with a lover!

But it's all over now,
For two years ago
Brother Joe put the question to Tabitha Rover,
Sweet Tabby says he,
Will you marry me;
Her bosom turn'd red,

She hung down her head
And sunk in the arms of her lover.
Chorus.

What a changeable dog is a lover;
Sobbing—sighing,
Groaning—dicing,
Moping—pining,
Whimpering—whining,
Sheep's eyes—glances killing,
Pops the question—very willing;
Pretty Miss is—hugs, kisses,
Raptures—blisses;
Then the wedding,
Then the bedding,
Howey moon,
Over soon,
And then good by to the the lover.

[Providence Phant.

LIKENESS'S

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR,

AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARISEN, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness' by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

STOLLENWERCK & BROTHERS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

JEWELLERS & WATCH MAKERS,

NO. 137, WILLIAM-STREET.

Impressed with a due sense of the many favors conferred on them, beg to return their sincere thanks to a generous public, and to inform them they have opened a Store No. 441, Pearl-Street, where they intend keeping a general assortment of the most fashionable articles in their line. In addition to their former Stock, they have just received an elegant assortment of Ladies ornamented dress Combs of the latest Parisian fashions, (they invite the ladies to be early in their applications) as also a fresh supply of the highly approved Venus Tooth-Powder, which is now selling with such rapidity by them, the sole venders in New-York. They have on hand a large assortment of fashionable gold and silver Watches, which they are determined to dispose of, wholesale or retail on very liberal terms.

N. B. Spanish Segars of the very best quality in boxes, from 250 to 1000.

Orders from the country punctually attended to. * A few proof impressions of John Sullivan's map of the U. States, including Louisiana, five feet square, taken from actual survey, and superior in point of correctness to any now in use.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

MARTIN RABBESON,



At his wholesale UMBRELLA MANUFACTORY, No. 34, Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-Street, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above manufactory extensively, and sells Umbrellas and Parasols, in the greatest variety, wholesale and retail. Ladies wishing to purchase handsome Parasols, may always have the choice out of one hundred doz.

N. B. A number of Girls wanted to sew umbrellas or to net fringes

June 14

904—3m.

MRS. TODD'S,

TEA-STORE—No. 68, JOHN-STREET.

Where may be had a general assortment of the best Teas, Sugar, Coffee, Spices, &c. &c.

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the inconvenience or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. I wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much better, as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & Co. Druggists, No. 128 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn Hats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

August 30,

915—tf.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

(price 37 cents)

A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Which may be Bought or Read at

OSBORN'S

BOOK-STORE, LIBRARY, & READING ROOM,

No. 13, PARK.

Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages—among which will be found many rare curious Books in no other collection in America.

Every new work of merit, (excepting those only which are not strictly professional,) whether of European or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading Room, as soon as it can be obtained.

October 18.

922—tf.

LONDON FASHIONS.

No. 7, COURTLAND-STREET.

MRS. TURNER,

Just from London, Fancy Dress and Pelisse maker.

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city and its vicinity, that she has opened for their inspection some of the latest and most prevalent ENGLISH FASHIONS, which she hopes will meet their approval, and induce them to give their orders; flattering herself, her connexion with the principal houses of Fashion in London, will enable her to execute them with taste and elegance, on the shortest notice, as it will ever be her study to secure the Patronage and support of a generous public, whose favors she will feel a pride in acknowledging with gratitude and respect.

Oct. 11.

921—3*

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.